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# Forged In Shadows

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## Chapter 1 by Elisabeth Ford

Screaming was all that could be heard through the icy halls of the dungeon. This was the true face of the supposedly great nation of Hace really was, an ugly abomination that lay underneath the stunning Admor Keep. Caelin had made the long journey to it. His head had been battered off the stone walls by his captors. He felt pathetic, being bound in iron shackles, bruised and bloody. The Admor guard loved every last taste of his wounds; they had waited a long time for this.

Caelin knew from the moment the arrow struck his calf that it was over, the Hacian guard had finally completed the hunt, they had their man; a wanted serial killer, guilty of multiple murders of innocent people, or so they said. Caelin disagreed. Political figures are anything but innocent. Stripped of his various killing tools and placed in the meager cottons, mandatory to the Admor prisons, he walked through the frigid corridors, past each dungeon cell where hands reached out in a feeble attempt to grab the infamous killer. He felt like a fat pig being paraded in front of the homeless. As he and his two captors continued to make their way through the dungeon. As they turned into the next corridor on the right, he felt a hand grip one of his shackled and bloody arms. He looked to see who had grabbed. His eyes locked with another's pale blue orbs. To his surprise, he recognized the person.

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grasp. 'You won't lay a hand on him again you fucking dog' the taller guard screamed at the prisoner, as he opened the cell door, the prisoner expressed a shocked and sorry look on his dirty face. Backing into the corner like a pathetic frightened animal, the guard grabbed the prisoner's neck, before plunging his blade through it. The man's corpse slumped to the floor, with a distant expression taking grip of his face, as blood spat from his open neck like a volcano. The guard stood over the corpse, staring into the lifeless eyes of the prisoner, before exiting the cell to join the other guard and their prized murderer. Caelin did not even shudder nor blink as he watched this slaughter. Death was a sight that would never cease to please him.

"One more fucking hand is laid on this creature here, and I'll have you ripped limb from limb" shouted the taller guard, as he faced back down the hall they had walked from. The arms disappeared from through the bars, and the prisoners returned back into the darkness of their cells. "Until we're done with him" a sinister smile appeared back on the guards face. He was like a hound hungry for the kill. "Yeah, then you lot can do what the fuck you want with him."

### Chapter 3 by Emerald, Eternal Madman



He was lead to his cell, and practically thrown in. This one was dark, and was too well sealed to be for a normal prisoner. It was dry, too, like being in an ice box. Eyes lit in the corner, and a deep, gruff voice said, "Hello... new meat..." It was disturbing, to say the least. It got ever darker, and he was scared beyond any natural capacity. "That's the spirit. In here, once the guards stop protecting you, you're head's on a platter, and all that's left is to cut the cheese." It smelled of burnt flesh. "But, of course, I don't care to do it. I'm not being paid. You certainly can't kill me. The only way out is to take the demon's tower challenge. The last step to that is what usually gets 'em. Onyx. The Horror worse than I am. He lays a finger on you, you're a dead man." Dear god. I've seen death in various, horrible ways, but something that deadly is something I want to stay away from. "At least, the only legal way. You beat it, you're a free man. Don't, and the government'll hunt you down again." "Any other ways?" "Yeah, lots. But don't think they're easy, and you're certainly not getting help from anyone. I might do it for shits and giggles, but that's it." "Will you?" "Maybe. Which path do you choose?"

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